When The Parson Hands The Wedding-Band
From Me To Mandy Lee.

Words by
BERNIE GROSSMAN.

Music by
ARTHUR LANGE.

Not too fast.

Piano.

Voice.

Till Ready.

I've got a piece of string,
It's just the measure of a ring,
That is
Up-on each face there'll be a smile,
As we go marching down the aisle,
Ev'ry

for my bride, and engraved inside: "From Me to Mandy Lee,"
It's goin' to cause a big sur-
one will stare at a happy pair, "From Me to Mandy Lee!"
A-round us two the folks will

prise,
The folks will open up their eyes,
They don't know a thing of what I'm goin' to bring.

Chorus.

And when I show them the band that I bought for the hand of Man-dy Lee,
There'll be talk a-round the fam-i-ly._
Lord-y how they all will en-ty me._
I'll get a

kiss from my moth-er and a bless-ing from my dad.
Neigh-bors by the score, knock-in' at the door,

May-be I won't be migh-ty glad. And then I'll pray night and day for the one hap-py day that's
com-ing soon._
When they play that old fam-i-lar tune._
It's the one that means a

honey-moon. Then there'll be rice all over Dix-ie-land,
When that ev-er lov-ing

Par-son, hands the wed-ding band From Me to Man-dy Lee
And when I